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GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF THE SAINTED DEAD.

A

# SERMON

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH

OF

MRS. ADALINE P. ELLIS

WHO DIED JANUARY 4, 1854,

*Aged Thirty-three Years.*

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PREACHED AT ASHLAND, MASS., FEBRUARY 5, 1854, BY

WILLIAM M. THAYER,

PASTOR OF THE ORTHODOX CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

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*PUBLISHED BY THE FRIENDS.*

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# SERMON.

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PHILIPPIANS i. 3.

I thank my God upon every remembrance of you.

THESE words were spoken of the living ;—we adopt them in speaking of the dead. They were prompted by a view of *living* Christian Excellence ;—we employ them in commemoration of *departed* worth.

Professing Christians may bear so little resemblance to their Master that their memory will be obnoxious to surviving witnesses when they die. The ties of kindred may indeed inscribe their names upon the tablets of loving hearts, and hallow the recollection of their earthly friendships ; but so far as Christian character relates, the remembrance of their wayward and worldly course will excite painful regrets. On the other hand, they may so conduct that memory will delight to cherish them long after they are dead. The lovers of truth and the church will think of them with sweet satisfaction. They will often speak of their virtues to one another. Yea, they will thank God that such examples of piety

have lived, and that such precious memories of the good cluster around the grave. Pleasing illustration of the truth, "THE MEMORY OF THE JUST IS BLESSED"!

Human excellence gathers fresh beauty from the death-hour, and thus endears its recollection. Like aromatic plants that yield the sweetest fragrance when crushed to the earth, this moral worth appears loveliest when death destroys its fleshly tabernacle. Little defects and incongruities are forgotten when the "silver cord" is loosed, and the "golden bowl" is broken. The virtues of the departing spirit gather brightness in its ascension.

"Blessings brighten as they take their flight."

There is a delightful truth, as well as warning, contained in this charming line. Mercies poorly appreciated in our possession appear invaluable when they are lost. It is true of wealth, reputation, friendship, health, and every other blessing. The little child never appears more lovely, and is never dearer to fond parents, than when death cuts it down as a flower. Then all its little acts and motions and nameless sayings and doings, its playful smiles and ejaculations, its affection and innocence, are recalled, and all seem more winning and beautiful than ever. The mother,—how many children have failed to appreciate her worth, until they have gathered around the couch to see her die! The wife,—how true that a husband does not know the strength of the ties that bind her to his heart until death tears them asunder! And so of the good man,—how distinct and luminous are his graces when the spirit ascends to its reward!

This truth is strikingly illustrated in the feelings that pervade communities when their members are removed by death. There is almost every variety of feeling as different individuals are taken away, and they are determined by the characters of the deceased. One dies—and few remarks are made, and few tears are shed: he is laid in the “narrow house,” while the friends disperse to their pursuits with scarcely a sigh. Alas! for the sad commentary upon human wickedness, when the living feel that the instance of mortality is better for all except the dead! Yet, it is sometimes even so. Dissolute character is inevitably followed to the tomb with such reflections. Another dies—and a small circle of relatives lament his decease; it is the subject of frequent remark in their mourning group: they love to revert to his life, and cherish his memory with warm affection. Yet another dies—and his loss is felt through a wider circle. Perhaps he is gifted with winning, social powers—is amiable, affable, and full of the “milk of human kindness”—and endears himself by these lovely qualities, to every circle in which he moves; so that when he dies many hearts grow sad, and realize that death has made a breach. Still another dies—“and the mourners go about the streets”; a gloom spreads over the community, many eyes are dim with tears, many hearts are oppressed with sadness. As we walk the streets, or visit from house to house, or meet our friends by the way, the various remarks we hear are indicative of the deep and heart-felt sorrow that pervades society. “Great loss!” “Severe bereavement to the family!” “Excellent person!”



“Lovely character!” “Kind to the poor, sympathizing, useful!” These, and kindred utterances, are made by one neighbor to another. They are heard in stores and parlors, in the house, and by the way. They are the world’s eulogy upon human excellence, uttered without restraint, as friend speaks with friend, and may be received as the sincere, out-spoken feelings of the heart.

**I** have said that the characters of the deceased occasion this difference of feeling that survives their death. It is granted that the social position of individuals may sometimes have an influence to this end. Perhaps a person may be in such circumstances as to be almost necessarily unappreciated. His virtues may shine in obscurity.

There is truth in the following allusion of Gray’s *Elegy*:

“Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,  
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

But with all deference to the views of the gifted poet, we believe that such examples are rare. It is generally true that eminent examples of excellence are felt, and their power acknowledged, though moving in humble spheres. Even wickedness frequently exhibits unfeigned respect for distinguished goodness, showing that

“Worth makes the man, and want of it, the fellow.”

These out-gushing sentiments of humanity at the coffin and bier are thus made the indices of character to a cer-



tain degree. Exalted excellence may abide in a hovel, but it will be known to the world. Without wealth, rank, or fame, it will command respect.

Thus far we have spoken in general terms. Our text has sole reference to professing christians. The thanksgiving is based upon their "walk and conversation." It is true in regard to them, that the feelings which pervade the church, and even society, when they die, are exceedingly various. One dies—and living christians feel that the church sustains no loss. They have no thanks to render for his memory. They would rejoice if his name and influence could be buried in oblivion. The pastor can make no pleasant allusion to his life at the burial service, nor the brethren speak joyfully of him when he is gone. Another dies—and his removal is mourned as one of fair, though not distinguished excellence. None feel that his death is a blessing to the church. Yet another dies—and the feeling is universal among the children of God, "we have lost an ornament." The world, too, are not backward to express their approval of a consistent, holy life. "If there were ever a christian he is one," is the decided utterance of even worldly men and women. His fall is a great shock to the church, as if a central pillar were shaken down. The brethren love to speak of him, and point to his example, because his life is such a vindication of the Gospel, and so honorable to Christ. They are ready to thank God upon every remembrance of him.

I shall briefly consider some of the reasons why we should thank God for the remembrance of the eminently sainted dead. I say *eminently* sainted, because my remarks will apply to those who have lived a holy life, in distinction from those professing christians who have been remiss in duty. This holy class may be found among all ranks—the high and low, rich and poor, bond and free. Why, then, should we remember, with gratitude, such examples of departed Christian excellence?

I. On their own account. We have an interest in their weal. We have been engaged in a common cause, for a common Master. We have been identified with the same christian enterprise. We have hoped in the same salvation. We are bound for the same haven. It has been our duty and principle to rejoice with them in joy, and weep with them in sorrow. Professedly we have loved them as we love ourselves; and, if so, their experience has been our own; so that whatever has burnished their armor, purified their hearts, and made them conquerors over death, is cause for profound gratitude to God.

Now, with such sentiments in the heart, let us view some example of christian excellence, as we remember it, before death removed it from our sight. If the term beautiful can be applied to goodness—purity—holiness—what beauty belongs to such a pattern of piety! It is also inherent and ineradicable! Earthly power can eradicate it no sooner than mortal hand can wipe away the hue that results from the blended colors of the rainbow. There it is—the

beauty of holiness—indestructible as the eternal throne—fadeless when all things else wither away. A rose is beautiful, but its beauty perishes. A landscape delights with a thousand charms, but they pass away. The bloom upon the cheek of maidenhood fascinates, but how soon exchanged for the paleness of death! A star, shining as a gem upon the crown of night, is beautiful, but it falls from heaven. But here is beauty that never fades. As long as goodness is goodness, it will be the same—beauty, ineradicable, indestructible, immortal.

There is reason to thank God upon every remembrance of one whose earthly character was thus adorned. What wealth is to the merchant, what fame and power are to the ambitious statesman, *that* is such moral beauty to the true christian—the climax of all his hopes and aims. Thanks are due that he has been so felicitous as to acquire it. He is spiritually rich, honored, powerful.

Nor is this the more delightful view. There is yet another that renders a remembrance of him peculiarly grateful. *He is in Heaven.* He dwells where the beauty of holiness is so resplendent that nothing can symbolize it but a city of pure gold, with gates of pearl, and walls of jasper, garnished with precious stones. He is with Christ. His wearisome life-journey is ended, and he now has rest. He has made the voyage of a stormy sea, and is safely moored in the eternal haven. He has run the race, and now enjoys the prize. He has fought the battle, and now gathers the fruits of victory. He has been faithful unto death, and now wears the crown of life. He

has suffered, but pain will torture him no more. He has wept, but now all tears are wiped from his eyes.

Favored, happy spirit! We think of thee as a companion of the glorified, delivered from the sorrows and sufferings of mortal life! Upon every remembrance of thee, the joys and glories of thy rich inheritance fill our thoughts! For all the wealth and ties of earth thou would'st not return to this world of sin! Thrice happy thou! A thousand, thousand thanks to God for bringing thee safely to the "many mansions!" We would not have thee back, for thou art holier and happier than ourselves! As often as we think of thee, thy triumph and crown shall awaken our songs of gladness!

II. We should thank God for the remembrance of departed Christian worth, *on account of the Church*. Her strength is often crippled, and her influence circumscribed by the loose conduct of her members. It seems, often, as if one inconsistent, worldly professor nullified the power of ten devoted christians. Says an eminent divine\*, speaking of the trial which the imperfections of christians cause a faithful minister, "He finds that the strongest objections which he has to meet against the divine origin of that religion which he preaches, or the one that weighs the heaviest on the minds of the multitude, is the imperfections of professing christians. The same he finds to be the chief cause of that reproach which the world casts

\* Jacob Ide, D. D.

upon the cause of Christ. He finds, too, that this is giving more encouragement to sinners in the pursuit of their private sins than any other within his knowledge. Almost every one whom he reproves for any particular fault, and labors to reform, will point him to some professor of religion, who indulges himself in the commission of the same sins."

Such delinquent professors have frequently gone down to the grave, and, of course, the savor of a good name has not lingered behind them. It is no satisfaction to the church to remember them. So that when a christian of eminent piety dies, his memory is doubly precious. His life has contributed to the honor and influence of the church. He was a burning and shining light in her midst. His holy life was a perpetual rebuke to the caviler and the skeptic. They could make no capital out of him to promote their diabolical schemes. O, how dear is his memory! What a treasure, to retain in recollection, is his sainted life! The church would engrave his very name upon the palms of her hands, for he was a conservator of her purity, influence, and honor!

Perhaps he moved in humble life, and neither rank, nor worldly praise were his. But his influence was silent and diffusive as the light. Noiselessly it permeated the social structure, and "good fruit" was the result on every side. As the gentle stream steals silently along the meadow, watering the roots of plant and flower, and causing verdure and freshness to border its pathway; so the influence of his holy example flowed into every channel of life,



causing moral beauty and loveliness to spring up in its course. Who will not remember him with gratitude?

And more. He died in the triumphs of faith; and this is honorable to religion. When a professing christian dies as dies a man of the world—without peace—he does not honor the Gospel in his death. Some will say, ‘If christians cannot die in peace, of what value is religion? What have they to comfort them more than the world? No, it cannot be, there is some delusion about this faith in Christ.’ But the example of christian excellence, for which we thank God, departs this life in triumphant hope. How it cheers and encourages the church to hear of his trust and faith! His last words and counsels, so joyous, heavenly, and well nigh seraphic, they lay them up in their hearts, and feed upon them! They are holier for that peaceful death! Some will live better and die more triumphantly because of it!

III. God deserves our thanks for the remembrance of the Sainted Dead *on account of the world*. Every christian ought to make his mark upon the world—a mark for Christ. He is kept in the world for a season, not only to be disciplined for the skies, but also to impress the unbelieving. For the accomplishment of this design God has arranged everything in the most favorable manner. We are so constituted and conditioned in life that we can, and must, give and receive impressions. Through the general character our influence comes out, and is felt.

And this is the best, most salutary kind of influence. It is not a few sounding deeds, trumpeting a christian's name abroad, that make the deepest and happiest impression upon unbelievers, so much as an even, consistent, unvarying, holy life. Men talk of Latimer and Ridley, and Huss, and a host of others, who have been burned alive for their faith in Christ, but after all, they judge more of the character of religion from what they see in the lives of christian disciples around them. This noiseless, never-ceasing, ever-active influence of saintly character goes with greater power to the heart. The christian always influences those around him more by what he *is*, than by what he does and says. His sayings and doings are of little avail only so far as they are illustrated by his daily life. He teaches honesty by being honest himself. He promotes benevolence mainly by acting benevolently. He may speak ever so forcibly in favor of these, and kindred virtues, but unless he illustrates them in his own life, his words are vain and powerless—yea, they are a flat contradiction of his character,—food for cynics, and a hissing and by-word in the mouth of enemies. The pious citizen who cares for the distresses of the poor, and modestly bears them relief, doing it so secretly that scarcely a neighbor knows of his kindness, until those, who have received his benefactions tell it abroad, does more to inspire kindred feelings in the hearts of others, than whole paragraphs of declamation. The christian mother may counsel and exhort her children to be virtuous and true, but unless she is herself an example of all she desires them to be, her words are worse than



useless. Better for her offspring that her tongue be palsied. The successful mother is she who is a living illustration of all her counsels, moving before her sons and daughters with character "clear as the sun, and fair as the moon." She transfuses her sentiments and principles into their tender hearts; and long after she is in her grave, they will remember and cherish her virtues, and at the judgement-bar rise up to call her blessed.

Who would not thank God for the memory of such a departed christian? We cannot open the hearts of unbelieving men and behold the impressions made, but we know that good impressions *must* have been made. As well might the genial sun perform his diurnal journey from East to West without impressing plant or flower, as such a christian travel to the tomb without inspiring some good thoughts and desires in the hearts of sinners. Perhaps one, two, three, or more, individuals are heard to ascribe their conversion to his pious counsels, or godly life. With hearts overflowing with gratitude they bear testimony to his christian faithfulness. Well may the living rejoice in the remembrance of such a saint! Were all the followers of Christ of the same character, what a deep impression it would leave upon the world! Conversions would multiply, and the car of salvation roll forward with surprising rapidity. *For the sake of a wicked world,* thanks for the remembrance of even one such example of christian excellence!

IV. Thanks for the blessing spoken of are due *on God's account*. He is glorified by the life of one so holy.

*M. H. S.*

He is well pleased with such a christian course. He will meet such an one at the last tribunal with the welcome plaudit, "well done, good and faithful servant."

Every christian ought to be interested in the glory of God. He knows that all things were made for His glory, from the humblest insect to the loftiest spirit around His throne. He sees that the smallest creatures swell His praise. God appears more glorious for even the song of the tiniest bird. The smallest bud or blossom fulfils its mission to magnify His name: A gem in the caves of the sea, and a flower upon the mountain-top, alike contribute to His glory. They show His power, and skill, and purpose.

And does not the life of a devoted christian exhibit God's benevolent purpose to a ruined world? What is that life but an embodiment of the truths and principles of His Gospel? What is it but a likeness to Himself, or a reflection of His own purity? What can be more glorious than a character whose warp and woof are composed of love, patience, meekness, kindness, purity, and every other christian virtue? It is an illustration of the Gospel, embodied and made visible, to show its beauty, and the goodness of its Author. Hence, every example of departed Christian worth may be cherished in grateful remembrance *because it magnifies the glory of God.*

The remarks which have been made concerning the impression that a holy life leaves upon the hearts of men, and the feelings that prevade society when the "good man" dies, may be briefly illustrated by two examples from

sacred history. It is recorded of the good Elisha, that when he visited Shunem, on a certain occasion, he was kindly invited to share the hospitalities of a generous family. In the discharge of his duties he had frequent occasion to pass their dwelling, and the kind reception he experienced at first led him to enter and partake of their bounties. He was a stranger to them until the acquaintance was formed beneath their humble roof. And yet his pious bearing was such that the woman "said unto her husband, Behold now, I perceive that this is an holy man of God, which passeth by us continually." What he said and did is not recorded; but doubtless the piety of his heart beamed through every act and word, and made her feel that he was a "holy man of God."

The other example is that of Dorcas, a woman full of good works, dwelling in the city of Lydda. "And it came to pass in those days that she was sick, and died, whom when they had washed they laid her in an upper chamber." And there transpired a scene around the lifeless remains which tells how dear is the memory of the Sainted Dead. True, no royal weepers gathered there. No titled heirs of rank or fortune pressed around the remains. But the poor were there—a grateful company, whose wants had been relieved by the woman's kindness—and their gushing tears, as they pointed to the coats and garments that Dorcas made, were more eloquent than words. There is something truly sublime in this fidelity of human nature to exalted christian excellence. A sigh, a tear, at such a time, is more or less in honor of the dead.

But we need not refer to other times and people. We have an illustration of this truth in the decease of our christian sister, Mrs. Ellis. The remarks made by one neighbor to another as the tidings of her sudden death were borne through the village; the general feeling of sadness awakened by reference to her removal; the prevailing realization of a "loss" sustained by her death; and the universal sympathy manifested for the family; all show how deeply her name was engravened upon the hearts of the living. Even the little children "knew her but to love her." This can be doubted by none of you who were witnesses to the scene that transpired in yonder pew on the sabbath following her burial. The Sabbath School convened, and her class gathered in their accustomed place. With sad looks, and sadder thoughts, they took their seats—teacherless. Teachers sat at the head of other classes, but theirs was in the grave-yard. And, as the remembrance of her, a faithful, apt, and loving instructress, came up afresh, their young hearts gave utterance to their feelings in tears and sobs. Precious tribute of respect to the memory of a devoted teacher! Sure evidence that she had made a deep impression upon their plastic spirits! I scarcely know which to admire the more, that touching scene around the dead body of Dorcas, in an upper chamber at Lydda, or this melting testimony of the young to our sister's worth. I certainly could wish the instructors in this Sabbath School no richer blessing than such a grateful tribute to their memories when they die. O, be faithful, fellow-laborers in Christ! Be true to the immortal



souls committed to your charge! You **may** leave them soon:—leave them not without the impressions of truth upon their hearts!

We have reason “to thank God upon every remembrance” of her. *On her own account*—for she wore the ornament of a “meek and quiet spirit;” the beauty of holiness adorned her character; and she is now where the “wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.” *On account of the Church*—for she remembered her covenant vows, lived to honor her high profession, and rejoiced our hearts always by her consistent walk. We are willing that cavilers and skeptics should graduate their views of religion by her life. The reputation of the church is better for her connection with it. *On the world's account*—for they must have been favorably impressed by her christian character; we know they respect and cherish her memory. They have thought better of religion as they have seen and known her. *On God's account*—for she sought His glory, made Him the supreme object of her love, and consecrated her powers to His service. He was honored both by her life and death; for living and dying she was the Lord's.

Mrs. Ellis was a professing christian some fourteen years, and who ever knew her to bring reproach upon the cause of Christ? Possessing by nature a lovely temper, and a sympathizing heart, she would easily multiply friends in the social circle: and when these amiabilities became beautified by grace, few were better fitted to exert a salutary, christian influence. She loved the church—

and this church in particular;—few love it more. She loved the house of God, and the Sabbath School, and sought them even when the pallor of death was upon her cheek. She was deeply interested in the cause of Missions, and was ever a liberal and cheerful giver. Nor was she forgetful of the poor and needy at home. Her heart always responded to any appeal relating to christian responsibilities; for she was not insensible to their greatness. In short, she was what she appeared to be. A marked simplicity characterized her on all occasions. She was no friend to arts and disguises. And here lies the secret of healthful christian influence. When the character is formed upon the principle—*be, not seem*—the influence will be pure and transforming. Only let a christian *be* just what he would have others become, and there is no need of great solicitude,—others will admire and follow his example. Our deceased friend, in her simplicity and sincerity, well illustrated this truth.

Such a christian we always expect will die in peace. And thus our sister died. Though suddenly attacked, and expecting that a few hours would bring her to the final agony, she was reconciled and peaceful from the begining. “My peace of mind surprises myself; I scarcely thought that I could ever commit my husband and children so cheerfully to God, and die,” said she to me. The Savior was very near and precious. And, although a temporary relief, at the time, inspired some hope of recovery, yet she was not anxious—she had committed her all to

Christ and seemed to experience the truth of the beautiful sentiment,

“Sweet, in the confidence of faith  
To trust his firm decrees ;  
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,  
And know no will but his.”

At a subsequent visit, when she was apparently nigh unto death, she raised her eyes as I entered the room, and said “I am almost home !” She was weaned from the attachments of earth, and felt herself a “stranger” and “pilgrim” here, and was looking joyfully for a “better country”—even her *heavenly home*. No mist or cloud of doubt dimmed her eye of faith, but hope, bright and full-orbed as a harvest moon, cheered her soul, struggling to go free. At her Master’s bidding she had cut the cords that bound her to dearest, earthly objects, and why tarried she, but for the ascension-call ? There were great attractions in that *celestial home* to her. First, and best of all, Christ was there. Sister spirits of the church were there. Little ones, torn from her bosom as innocent doves from their nest, were there. Might she not exclaim, “*I am almost home !*” Might she not say, “the objects which draw me thither are more than they that hold me back !”

It is no illusion, this peace of the departing spirit. The journey of the faithful christian to the Celestial City leads him through the “Land Beulah,” as it is called by Bunyan. He describes it as lying upon the outskirts of this mortal life, “quite on the verge of heaven.” It is refulgent with light beaming from the gates of Paradise. It is vocal with



melodies floating down from the heavenly choir. It is perfumed with odors wafted from the garden of bliss. Hence, Dr. Payson, a short time before his death, dictated the following paragraph in a letter to his sister: "Were I to adopt the figurative language of Bunyan, I might date this letter from the land Beulah, of which I have been for some weeks a happy inhabitant. The Celestial City is full in view. Its glories beam upon me, its breezes fan me, its odors are wafted to me, its sounds strike upon my ears, and its spirit is breathed into my heart." Few, indeed, enjoy an experience so seraphic. Although our departed sister could not join with Payson in these rapturous exclamations, she nevertheless passed through the happy Land Beulah.

Her peace was like a river unto death. Recovering from a paroxysm of pain that seemed like the dissolution of soul and body, she said, "I hoped I should be in Canaan now." But God allotted her a few more hours of life, and they were irradiated by an ever-brightening hope, and a faith which was "the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen." Calmly she made her final arrangements to depart; summoned her dear family and friends to her bed-side, and gave them such counsels as their spiritual condition seemed to require—showing how much her soul yearned over their immortal interests, and what joy it would afford her to meet them in Glory, an unbroken band;—and then, sinking into the arms of Jesus, she left the world,

"As sets the morning star, which goes not down  
Behind the darkened west, nor hides obscured  
Among the tempests of the sky, but melts away  
Into the light of heaven."

How severely is the skeptic's unbelief rebuked by this triumph over death! See mighty conquerors, who have marched unmoved over gory fields, grow pale and tremble at the approach of the King of Terrors! Hear famed philosophers, with the lore of ages in their heads, and the strength of giant intellects to give them courage—hear them sigh and cry from the depths of despair as the dread reality bursts upon them, *that they must die!* Read the last agonizing hours of Voltaire, Mirabeau, Gibbon, Randolph, and others of equal nerve and fortitude; and then behold a timid woman, with the love of God in her heart, grappling with the monster, death, and coming off conqueror, and more than conqueror, through Christ who loved her! What a contrast with the despairing cry of gifted infidels and atheists is her shout of triumph, “O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?” Well may the skeptic stop, and ponder, when a feeble woman cheerfully goes where conquerors fear to tread!

Brothers and Sisters in Christ! I have a message from the deceased for you. Her last words to me, speaking of the church, were, “tell them to be more faithful than I have been.” And if we prove ourselves more faithful we have much to do. We have no time to lose. Every moment is precious. Receive her dying counsels with gratitude. It comes to you from the Land Beulah, and the River of Death. She stands upon the brink of the swelling flood, and, as if moved anew for your spiritual zeal, tarries to send back this kindly message ere she crosses over. Physical suffering, excessive weakness, and

the approach of Death did not banish her thoughts of you. Remember these solemn words! You will need the rich experience which they recommend. The world will need it. They are passing away to the Judgment. You will meet them there. "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your father which is in heaven." Depend less upon books, and religious instruction, for impressing men, and more upon a holy life. Your influence will never be better than your characters. *What you are* does the work, not what you profess to be. And more; as you live, so you will doubtless die. It is a solemn thought, and it attaches great importance to life. It is a serious matter to die; it is more serious to live, if such issues are at stake. So live, that when you fall asleep in Jesus, the good of every name may "thank God upon every remembrance of you." No one will lead a useless life, if, when he rests from his labors, one shall say, "I was aided by his kindness;" and another, "I was encouraged by his example;" and yet another, "How consistent and holy." Be faithful unto death, and the living will call you "blessed," and God will give you the "Crown of Life."

I will add but a few words to the circle of bereaved friends. I need not say much after the earnest counsels, of your loved one at the door of death. The words of the dying counsellor are choice. Who can forget them? They are like "apples of gold in pictures of silver." Especially is this true if they are the yearnings of a christian heart for the welfare of living friends. Remem-

ber them, and they will do you good. You need consolation. It is found in Christ and the recollection of her peaceful death. The husband has sustained a loss which can never be repaired;—may he be enabled to say, “It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good.” It is a sad lot to be motherless;—may the good Shepherd care for the tender lambs, and bring them at last to the heavenly fold. The parents now keenly realize the sorrow of burying a child; may they enjoy the unspeakable felicity of meeting their sainted daughter in the skies. The death of a sister makes a wide breach in the fraternal circle;—may none of them be missing when Christ makes up his jewels.



